

POEMS  
by  
THOMAS GRAY, LL.B.

containing

ODES,  
EPITAPHS,

| ELEGY,  
&c. &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



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## THE LIFE OF GRAY.

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Thomas Gray was born in Cornhill, December 26, 1716. His grandfather was a considerable merchant. His father, Philip Gray, was what was then called a money-scrivener; but being of an unsocial and inactive disposition, he rather diminished than increased his paternal fortune. His mother's name was Dorothy Antrobus. They had many children, of whom our poet was the fifth, but they all died except himself in their infancy; and it has been said, that he narrowly escaped suffocation (owing to too great a fulness of blood, which destroyed the rest), by his mother venturing to open a vein with her own hand, which instantly removed the paroxysm.

He was educated at Eaton school, under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, then assistant to Dr. George, and also Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. While there he contracted a friendship with Mr. Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, and Mr. Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. His maternal grandfather was the celebrated Dr. Burnet.

In 1734 he removed to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and his friend West removed to Christ Church College, Oxford. They however commenced a correspondence, part of which is included in the collection of letters published by Mr. Mason. Mr. Walpole was at that time of King's College, in the same University. They frequently

met, conversed on subjects of taste and drank nothing but tea.

In April 1738, West left Christ-Church for the Inner Temple to study the law; and, in September following, Gray returned to London, intending likewise to apply himself to that profession, in the same society, for which purpose his father had either hired or bought him a set of chambers. But the following spring, on an invitation from Mr. Walpole, to be his companion on his travels, his intention of studying the law was not only laid aside for the time, but never after put in execution. About the end of March 1739, they set out for France together, visiting, in the course of their travels through that country, Paris, Chantilly, Rheims, Dijon, Lyons, the Chartreuse, and other places. In November they arrived at Turin; from thence they proceeded to Genoa, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, &c. In July 1740, they returned to Florence, where they remained till near the end of April 1741, and then set out for Venice. An unfortunate disagreement between the two travellers, arising from the difference of their tempers, occasioned their separation at Rheggio. Gray was from his earliest years, curious, pensive, and philosophical; Mr. Walpole was gay, lively, and, consequently, inconsiderate. The latter, however, enjoined Mr. Mason to charge him with the chief blame in their quarrel; confessing that more attention and complaisance, more deference to a warm friendship, superior judgment and prudence, might have prevented a rupture which gave much uneasiness to them both; tho' in 1744, a reconcilliation was effected between them, by a lady who wished well to both parties.

Gray continued his journey to Ven-



ice, in a manner suited to his own slender fortune; and having continued there till about the middle of July, he returned home through Padua, Verona, Milan, and Turin; and, repassing the Alps, pursued nearly the same rout by which he had before gone to Italy.

His *Letters* published by Mr. Mason, contain a very pleasing account of many parts of his journey. His descriptions of Versailles, of the amusements of Rheims, of the confluence of the Rhone and Soane, his visit to the Grande Chartreuse, and the passage of the Alps, bear more particular marks of his genius and disposition. When he ascends the Alps, we see the native grandeur of his ideas heightened. He is scarcely any longer a mortal being, *nec vox sonat hominem*; particularly when he advances to the Grande Chartreuse, for then that wild magical enthusiasm, so natural to him, seems to possess his whole soul.

On his return from his travels, and after the misunderstanding with Mr. Walpole, when his natural melancholy, heightened by chagrin, had led his wishes to a gloomy dereliction of society, he again visited the Chartreuse. The situation was perfectly suitable to his state of mind, and there he wrote, in the *Album* of the fathers, such an *Alcaic Ode* as he himself only could have written. It is marked with all the melancholy touches of his melancholy muse, and flows with such an originality of expression, that one can scarcely forbear lamenting he did not honour his own language, by making it the vehicle of this noble imagery and pathetic sentiment.

Oh tu, severi religio loci  
quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve  
nativa nam certe fluenta  
numen habet, veteresque sylvas :

præsentioſiorem et conſpicimus Deum  
 per invias rupes, fera per juga,  
 clivosque præruptos, ſonnates  
 inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;  
 quam ſi reſtutus ſub trabecula citrea  
 fulgerit auro, et Phidiaca manu)  
 ſalve vocanti rite, feſſo et  
 da placidam juveni quietem.  
 Quod ſi invidendis ſedibus, et frui  
 Fortuna ſacra lege ſilentii  
 vetat volentem, me reſorbens  
 in medios-violenta fluctus:  
 ſaltem remoto deſ, Pater, angulo  
 horas ſenectæ ducere liberas;  
 tutumque vulgari tumultu  
 eurripias, hominumque curis.

*Imitated by a Gentleman of Sunderland.*

Hear, awful genius of the ſolemn grove,  
 (and ſay what title beſt can pleaſe thine ear;  
 thoſe age-ſtruck woods and native rivers prove  
 no common genius bears dominion here.  
 The trackleſs rocks, the mountain's ſavage height,  
 the broken cliff, inviting fell deſpair,  
 the deep-brown grove where reigns eternal night,  
 and ſounding water-falls, the God declare.  
 In glory more than if the Citiſean beam,  
 and Phidean art its nicest aid beſtow'd,  
 or high-wrought gold had ſhed its richeſt gleam,  
 to deck the fane of the recumbent God;)   
 hear then, dread genius of the ſolemn grove I  
 now be thy mighty power on me conſeſt,  
 propitious to thy ſuppliant's wiſhes prove,  
 and give to him the placid joys of reſt:  
 but if ſtern Fortune ſhould forbid my flight,  
 to taſte the ſweets of ſacred Silence' reign,  
 ſhould ſhe recal me from the darling ſight,  
 and daſh amid the ſtorms of life again;  
 at leaſt allow to my declining age  
 a calm retreat from all the cares of life,

safe from the busy world's tumultuous rage,  
and far beyond the reach of vulgar strife.

He returned to England September 1, 1741, and, in about two months afterwards, buried his father, who, by the neglect of his business, and an injudicious waste of money upon a new house at Wanstead, which sold for two thousand pounds less than its original cost, so much lessened his patrimony that he considered himself too poor to study the law, without becoming burdensome to his mother and aunt. These two sisters, for many years, kept an India warehouse in Cornhill, under the joint names of Gray and Antrobus. Having acquired a decent competency, they retired on account of Mr. Gray's death to Stoke, near Windsor, and resided at the house of their other sister Mrs. Rogers, lately become the widow of a gentleman of that name, who had followed the profession of the law, but had retired from business many years before his death.

The narrowness of Gray's circumstances was now a cause of distress, but it was not the *only* cause. He had lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole. He had lost much time in his travels; and he reflected that whatever improvements he had made during those intervals, either in taste or science, they would benefit him little in his present situation and exigencies. Nor was this all. On his return, he found the friend of his heart overborne by a consumption and family distresses; and these, alas! were burdens which friendship could not remove. West's health declined daily, and he removed from London, for the benefit of better air, to David Mitchell's, esq. at Popes, in Hertfordshire. During an interval of something more than two months, these friends main-

tained a constant correspondence on subjects of literature and their classical studies. The last letter from West is dated May 11. 1742. Gray returned an answer May 27. Immediately afterwards, he went on a visit to his relations at Stoke, where he wrote his *Ode on the Spring*. He sent it, as soon as written, to his beloved friend; but West had done with the amusements and agitations of life before it reached Hertfordshire.

A kind of presentiment is expressed in that pathetic piece, which cannot fail to interest the feelings of readers of taste. This event also threw melancholy graces on the *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College*, and on the *Ode to Adversity*, both of them written the August following. Thus what some readers might impute to a splenetic melancholy, sprung from the most benevolent of all sensations.

It is probable that the *Elegy in a Country Church Yard* was begun, if not finished, about this time, tho' the conclusion, as it stands at present, is different from the first copy.

The first impulse of his sorrow gave birth to a little sonnet, on the Petrarchian model, which is exceedingly tender and mournful.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
and redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:  
the birds in vain their amorous descant join;  
or cheerful fields resume their green attire:  
these ears, alas! for other notes repine,  
a different object do these eyes require:  
my lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;  
and in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.  
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
and new-born pleasure brings to happier men:  
the fields to all their wonted tribute bear:  
to warm their little loves the birds complain:  
I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear,  
and weep the more because I weep in vain.

Having made a visit of some length at Stoke, where he wrote a considerable part of his more finished poems, he returned to Cambridge, which, from this period, became his principal residence. Yet, during the lives of his mother and aunts, he spent his summer vacations at Stoke, and afterwards in making little tours or visits to his friends in different parts of the country. The conveniences resulting from that situation, to a person of circumscribed fortune and a studious life, were, in his estimation, more than a counterbalance for the dislike, which, on several accounts, he bore to the place. He was admitted to the degree of a Bachelor of the Civil Law in the winter of 1742. From this time he appears to have laid aside composition almost entirely. Less pleased in exerting his own powers than in contemplating the exertions of others, he applied himself, with intense assiduity to the study of the best Greek authors; inso-much, that in the space of about six years, he had not only read but digested almost every writer of note in that language; remarking by the mode of commonplace, their contents, their difficult and corrupt passages; and all this with the accuracy of a critic, added to the diligence of a student.

During this interval he expressed his aversion to the ignorance and dullness which appeared to surround him; but of what he intended on this subject, a short fragment only remains, which seems to have been intended as a *Hymn to Ignorance*. What he wrote of it is purely introductory.

In 1744 he appeared to have relinquished any farther solicitations of the muse. Mr. Walpole, notwithstanding, being desirous to preserve what he had already written, and to perpetuate

the merit of their deceased friend, importuned him to publish his own poems, together with those of West, but this he declined, from the apprehension, that the joint stock of both would hardly fill a volume.

In 1747, Mr. Mason, then scholar of St. John's College, afterwards fellow of Pembroke-Hall, was introduced to his acquaintance. He had written the year before, his "Monody on the Death of Pope," and his "Il Bellicoso," and "Il Pacifico," and Gray had revised them at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of an intimacy, which continued without interruption during the life of Gray. The same year, a favourite cat, belonging to Mr. Walpole, happening to be drowned, Gray amused himself on the occasion, with writing an elegant little *Ode*; in which he happily united both humour and instruction.

The following year was distinguished by a far more important effort of his muse, the initiatory fragment of an *Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government*, which is superior to every thing in the same style of writing in our language. He intended to shew, that both should concur to produce great and useful men. It was intended to be addressed to the President Montesquieu, and probably the intervening death of that great man might be a means of his relinquishing his purpose. It opens with two similies, an uncommon kind of exordium; but which it is probable, he intentionally chose to imitate the analogical method he meant to pursue in his subsequent reasonings.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,  
whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,  
nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,  
their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:



..\*..\*..\*..

and as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,  
 the soil, tho' fertile, will not teem in vain,  
 forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,  
 nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies :  
 so draw mankind in vain the vital airs,  
 unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,  
 that health and vigour to the soul impart,  
 spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart :  
 so fond instruction on the growing powers  
 of nature idly lavishes her stores,  
 if equal justice with unclouded face  
 smile not indulgent on the rising race,  
 and scatter with a free, tho' frugal hand,  
 light golden showers of plenty o'er the land :  
 but Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,  
 to check their tender hopes with chilling fear,  
 and blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,  
 from where the rolling orb, that gives the day,  
 his sable sons with nearer course surrounds  
 to either pole, and life's remotest bounds.  
 How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,  
 howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,  
 alike to all, the kind, impartial heaven  
 the sparks of truth and happiness has given :  
 with sense to feel, with memory to retain,  
 they follow pleasure, and they fly from pain ;  
 their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,  
 the event presages, and explores the cause ;  
 the soft returns of gratitude they know,  
 by fraud elude, by force repel the foe ;  
 while mutual wishes, mutual woes endear  
 the social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd  
 to different climes seem different souls assign'd ?  
 Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease  
 fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace ;  
 there industry and gain their vigils keep,  
 command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep :  
 here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail ;



there languid pleasure sighs in every gale.  
 Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar  
 has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war ;  
 and, where the deluge bursts, with sweepy sway  
 their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.  
 As oft have issued, host impelling host,  
 the blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.  
 The prostrate south to the destroyer yields  
 her boasted titles, and her golden fields :  
 with grim delight the brood of Winter view  
 a brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,  
 scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,  
 and quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.  
 Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,  
 why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,  
 while European freedom still withstands  
 th' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands ;  
 and sees far off with an indignant groan  
 her native plains, and empires once her own ?  
 Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame  
 o'erpower the fire that animates our frame ;  
 as lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,  
 fade and expire beneath the eye of day ?  
 Need we the influence of the northern star  
 to string our nerves and steel our hearts to war ?  
 and where the face of Nature laughs around,  
 must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground ?  
 Unmanly thought ! what seasons can controul,  
 what fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,  
 who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,  
 by Reason's light, on Resolution's wings,  
 spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes  
 o'er Lybia's deserts and through Zembla's snows ?  
 she bids each slumb'ring energy awake,  
 another touch, another temper take,  
 suspends the inferior laws that rule our clay :  
 the stubborn elements confess her sway ;  
 their little wants, their low desires, refine,  
 and raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth

imbibes a flavour of its parent earth. -  
 As various tracts enforce a various toil,  
 the manners speak the idiom of their soil.  
 An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,  
 foes to the gentler genius of the plain:  
 for where unwearied sinews must be found  
 with side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,  
 to turn the torrent's swift descending flood,  
 to brave the savage rushing from the wood,  
 what wonder, if to patient valour train'd,  
 they guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?  
 and while their rocky ramparts round they see,  
 the rough abode of want and liberty,  
 (as lawless force from confidence will grow)  
 insult the plenty of the vales below?  
 What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread,  
 where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed  
 from his broad bosom life and verdure flings,  
 and broods o'er Ægypt with his wat'ry wings,  
 if with advent'rous oar and ready sail  
 the dusky people drive before the gale;  
 or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,  
 that rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

How much it is to be lamented, that Gray did not complete what he thus admirably begun! The design is the noblest which he ever attempted; and also, as far as he carried it into execution, the most exquisitely finished.

The *Ode on Eton College* was his first English production which appeared in print. It was published in folio, by Dodsley, in 1747; about the same time, at Mr. Walpole's request, he sat for his picture to Echart; in which, on a paper which he held in his hand, Mr. Walpole wrote the title of this ode; and to intimate his own high and just opinion of it, added this line of Lucian by way of motto.

"Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre."

This highly-finished ode, together with his three other monostrophic odes, *On Spring*, *On a favourite Cat*, *To Adversity*, was afterwards inserted in "Dodsley's Miscellany." In 1750, he put his last hand to the *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*, which, when finished, was communicated first to Mr. Walpole, and by him to several persons of distinction. This brought Gray acquainted with Lady Cobham, and furnished an occasion for his *Long Story*, a slight composition in ballad-measure in which some colours of wit and humour are intimately blended. The *Elegy* having found its way into the "Magazine of Magazines," he wrote to Mr. Walpole, Feb. 11, 1751, desiring he would put his own manuscript into the hands of Dodsley, and order him to print it. This was the most popular of all his productions. It ran through eleven editions in a very short space of time, was finely translated into Latin by Anstey and Roberts, and in the same year another, tho' inferior, version of it was published by Lloyd. In the manuscript copy he gave it only the simple title of *Stanzas written in a Country Church-yard*. Mr. Mason persuaded him to call it an *Elegy*, because the subject authorized him to do so, and the alternate measure in which it was written, seemed peculiarly adapted to this species of composition.

In 1753, Mr. Bentley, wishing to supply every ornament that his pencil could contribute, drew not only for the *Elegy* but for the rest of Gray's productions, a set of designs, which were handsomely repaid by the following complimentary *Stanzas*, many of which are equal in merit to the best of his most finished poems.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among  
half pleas'd half blushing, let the muse admire,  
while Bentley leads her sister art along,  
and bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought  
fix'd by his touch, a lasting essence take :  
each dream, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,  
to local symmetry and life awake !

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,  
to censure cold, and negligent of fame,  
in swifter measures animated run,  
and catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah ! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,  
his quick creation, his unerring line ;  
the energy of Pope they might efface,  
and Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age  
is that diviner inspiration given,  
that burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,  
the pomp and prodigality of heaven.

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,  
the meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,  
together dart their intermingled rays,  
and dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast  
my lines a secret sympathy convey ;  
and as their pleasing influence *there shall rest,*  
a sigh of soft reflection *steal away.*

The paper on which the last stanza was written being broken, the words in italics have been supplied.

The panegyric is undoubtedly carried too far ; there is so much of grotesque fancy in those designs, that they have not universally been admired. Let the reader attend to the second stanza of these addressed to Mr. Bentley, and then turn to the design for the *Ode to Adversity*. Let him behold the Quarter Staff of Jupiter, the Horse-Lock, the Hunting Whip, and the

Talons, but let him not bid defiance to risibility. In the March following, Gray sustained the loss of his mother, which he felt long and severely. His conduct to her had been exemplary, and she merited all the tenderness and attention she had received. She was buried in the same vault, where her sister's remains had been deposited, at Stoke. As the inscription on the tombstone was undoubtedly written by Gray, it would here, on that account, claim a place, but it has, independently of this consideration, a peculiar pathos and true inscriptive simplicity to recommend it.

In the vault beneath,  
are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection,  
the REMAINS of

**MARY ANTROBUS.**

She died, unmarried, Nov. 5, 1749, aged 65.

In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep  
the REMAINS of

**DOROTHY GRAY,**

widow,  
the careful tender mother of many children,  
one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her.

She died March 11, 1753, aged 67.

Gray finished his *Ode on the Progress of Poesy*, early in 1755; the *Bard* was also begun about that time, and the following beautiful unfinished piece, *On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude*. The additions distinguished by inverted commas, are by the Rev. Mr. Mason.

Now the golden morn aloft  
waves her dew-bespangled wing,  
with vermil cheek, and whisper soft,  
she woes the tardy spring :  
till April starts, and calls around  
the sleeping fragrance from the ground ;

and lightly o'er the living scene  
scatters his freshest, tenderest, green.

New-born flocks in rustic dance,  
frisking ply their feeble feet ;  
forgetful of their wintry trance  
the birds his presence greet :  
but chief the sky-lark warbles high  
his trembling thrilling ecstasy ;  
and, lessening from the dazzled sight,  
melts into air and liquid night.

Rise, my soul ! on wings of fire,  
rise the rapt'rous choir among ;  
hark ! 't is Nature strikes the lyre,  
and leads the general song :

" warm let the lyric transport flow,  
" warm as the ray that bids it glow :  
" and animates the vernal grove  
" with health, with harmony and love."

Yesterday the sullen year  
saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;  
mute was the music of the air,  
the herd stood drooping by :  
their raptures now that wildly flow,  
no yesterday, nor morrow know ;  
't is man alone that joy descry  
with forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow  
soft Reflection's hand can trace ;  
and o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw  
a melancholy grace ;  
while Hope prolongs our happier hour,  
or deepest shades that dimly lower  
and blacken round our weary way,  
gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,  
see a kindred Grief pursue :  
behind the steps that Misery treads,  
approaching Comfort view :





the hues of bliss more brightly glow,  
chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;  
and blended form, with artful strife,  
the strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost  
on the thorny bed of pain,  
at length repair his vigour lost,  
and breathe, and walk again :  
the meanest floweret of the vale,  
the simplest note that swells the gale,  
the common sun, the air, the skies,  
to him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell  
near the source whence pleasure flows ;  
she eyes the clear chrystalline well,  
and tastes it as it goes.

" While " far below the " madding " crowd  
" rush headlong to the dangerous flood,"  
where broad and turbulent it sweeps,  
" and " perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,  
" sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,  
" go," softly rolling, side by side,  
their dull, but daily round :  
" to these, if Hebe's self should bring  
" the purest cup from Pleasure's spring,  
" say, can they taste the flavour high  
" of sober, simple, genuine joy ?

" Mark Ambition's march sublime  
" up to Power's meridian height ;  
" while pale-ey'd Envy sees him climb,  
" and sickens at the sight.  
" Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,  
" float hourly round Ambition's head ;  
" while Spleen, within his rival's breast,  
" sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

" Happier he, the peasant, far,  
" from the pangs of passion free,



- " that breathes the keen yet wholesome air  
 " of rugged penury.  
 " He, when his morning task is done,  
 " can slumber in the noontide sun;  
 " and hie him home at evening's close,  
 " to sweet repast, and calm repose.  
 " He, unconscious whence the bliss,  
 " feels, and owns in carols rude,  
 " that all the circling joys are his,  
 " of dear vicissitude.  
 " From toil he wins his spirits light,  
 " from busy day, the peaceful night;  
 " rich, from the very want of wealth,  
 " in heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

In 1756, he removed from St. Peter's College to Pembroke-Hall, in consequence of two or three young men of fortune, who lived in the same stair-case, having, for some time, intentionally disturbed him with their riots. He complained to the governing part of the society; and not thinking that this remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, he "left his lodgings," as he himself expresses it, "because the rooms were noisy, and the people of the house uncivil."

On the death of Cibber, in 1757, the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, made him an offer of the vacant office of Poet-Laureat, through the hands of Lord John Cavendish, his brother; but the disgrace brought on that office, by the inability of some who had filled it, probably induced him to decline the appointment, which was bestowed on Whitehead.

The same year, he published the *Progress of Poesy*, and the *Bard*, his two greatest lyric performances. Their merit was not immediately perceived, nor generally acknowledged. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Lloyd and Colman wrote in concert two

odes to "Oblivion" and "Obscurity," in which they were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity.

In 1759, his curiosity drew him away from Cambridge, to a lodging in Southampton-row, near the Museum, where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing. His extracts, amounting in all to a tolerably-sized folio, were put into the possession of Lord Orford, who printed the speech of Sir Thomas Wyat from them, in the second number of his "Miscellaneous Antiquities,"

In 1762, when the Professorship of Modern Languages and History at Cambridge, became vacant by the death of Mr. Turner, he was, as he says, "cockered and spirited up," till he asked it of Lord Bute, who sent him a civil refusal, and the place was given to Mr. Laurence Bocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

His constitution was weak, and believing that his health was promoted by exercise and change of place, he undertook, in 1765, a journey to Scotland. But he had other motives in travelling, namely, the gratification of his curiosity and taste. Possessed of ample comprehension, his researches extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events. During his stay in that country he contracted a friendship with Dr. Beattie, whom he found "a poet, a philosopher, and a good man," through whose intervention the Marischal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which Gray having omitted to take at Cambridge, he now civilly declined.

In December 1767, Dr. Beattie, still desirous that his country should afford some testimony of its regard to the merit of our poet, solicited his permission, to Mr.

Foulis, to print, at the University press of Glasgow, an elegant edition of his works. Dodsley had before solicited the same favour, and Gray, unwilling to refuse, gratified both with a copy containing a few notes, and the imitations of the Norse poetry.

The death of Mr. Brocket, in July 1768, left another opening to the professorship, which he had before unsuccessfully sought. Lord Bute however was not then in office, and the Duke of Grafton, to preclude a request, within two days of the vacancy appointed Mr. Gray.

The place was valuable in itself, the salary being 400*l.* a year; but what rendered it particularly acceptable to Gray, was its being given to him without any solicitation.

On the Duke of Grafton being elected Chancellor of the University, in 1769, gratitude prompted Gray, unasked, to furnish an irregular *Ode for Music*, to be performed at his installation.

Not long after the bustle of the installation was over, ill health made another journey necessary, and he visited the lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland. The impressions he received from the wonderful scenery that surrounded him, he transmitted to his friend, Dr. Wharton, in epistolary journals, which possess all the wildness of Salvator, and the softness of Claude.

In May 1771, writing to the same friend, he complains of a violent cough, which had troubled him for three months, and which he called incurable; adding, that till this year he never knew what (mechanical) low spirits were. The anxiety he felt from holding, as a sinecure, an office, the duties of which he thought himself bound to perform, without doubt, contributed to the latter complaint. The object of his professorship being two-

fold, and the patent allowing him to effect one of its designs by deputy, it is understood, that he liberally rewarded, for that purpose, the teachers in the University of Italian and French. The other part he himself prepared to execute; but tho' the professorship was instituted in 1724, none of his predecessors had furnished a plan of lectures. Embarrassed by this and other difficulties, and retarded by ill health, the undertaking at length became so irksome, that he seriously proposed to relinquish the office.

Towards the close of May he removed from Cambridge to London, after having suffered from flying attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been subject, and from which a life of singular temperance could not protect him. In London his indisposition having increased, Dr. Gisborne advised him to remove from his lodgings in Jermyn-street to Kensington. This change was of so much benefit, that he was soon enabled to return to Cambridge, from whence he meditated a journey to Old-Park, near Durham, the residence of his friend Dr. Wharton, which he hoped might re-establish his health; but his intentions and hopes were delusive. On the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College-hall, he felt a sudden nausea, which obliged him to rise from table, and retire to his chamber. The gout had fixed on his stomach, and resisted all the powers of medicine. On the 29th he was seized by a strong convulsion, which the next day, returned with increased violence, and the following evening he expired, in the 55th year of his age. He was on the first attack aware of his extreme danger, was sensible at times, even to the last, yet expressed no concern on account of his approach-

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ing dissolution. He was buried in the vault, in which his aunt and his mother were deposited, in the churchyard at Stoke, agreeably to his own direction.

By his will, dated July 2, 1770, he appointed Mr. Mason, and the Rev. Dr. Browne, President of Pembroke-hall, his joint executors: and left Mr. Mason all his books, manuscripts, coins, printed or written music, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion.

His *Poems and Letters* were collected and published by Mr. Mason, in a 4to vol. 1775, to which he prefixed, "Memoirs of his Life and Writings," with "imitations, variations, and additional notes," and were republished in 4 vol. 8vo. 1778. The common editions of his *Poems* are too numerous to be specified. To the edition in 8vo. 1786, were added notes and parallel passages by Mr. Wakefield. The Latin language was enriched with an elegant and spirited translation of the *Bard*, in 1775; and an admirable Greek version of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, proceeded from the classical pen of Dr. Norbury, in 1793. The imitations it has produced are innumerable.

It appears from Mr. Mason's narrative, that the greatest part of Gray's life was spent in that kind of learned leisure, which has only self-improvement and self-gratification for its object. He may be said to be one of those few personages, in the annals of literature, who were devoid of self-interest, and at the same time one of those few economists who possessed that talent untinged with the slightest stain of avarice. When his circumstances were at the lowest, he gave away such sums in charity, as would have done credit to an ampler purse. But what chiefly deterred him from making a pecuniary

object of his literary pursuits, was a certain degree of pride, which led him to despise the idea of being thought an author by profession. However, it is probable, that, early in life, he had an intention of publishing an edition of *Strabo*; for his papers contain a great number of notes and geographical disquisitions on that author: The indefatigable pains which he took with the writings of *Plato*, and the quantity of critical, as well as explanatory observations, which he has left on every part of his works, plainly indicate that no man in Europe was better prepared to republish and illustrate that philosopher than Gray. Another work, on which he bestowed uncommon labour, was the *Anthologia*. In an interleaved copy of that collection of Greek epigrams, he has transcribed several additional ones, which he selected in his extensive reading, and inserted a great number of critical notes, emendations, and a copious index; but whether he intended this manuscript for the press, is uncertain. The only work which he meditated on with that view, from the beginning, was a *History of English Poetry*, on a plan sketched by Pope. But after some considerable preparations for the execution of this design he was informed that Mr. Warton was engaged in a similar work; the undertaking was therefore relinquished. In 1770, Mr. Warton desired to see the plan, and he readily sent him a "Sketch of the Arrangement of the Subject," which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for February 1783. Gray made many poetical beginnings on subjects, from which, either by accident, or through want of industry, he was afterwards diverted. Among these was the scene of a tragedy, taken from Tacitus, on the death of Agrip-



pina, which leaves us to regret, that he only *attempted* to write a tragedy.

Among other sciences Gray had acquired a great knowledge of Gothic architecture. The *Remarks on Saxon Churches* in the Introduction to Mr. Bentham's "History of Ely," were drawn up by Gray. Of Heraldry, its correlative science, he possessed a complete knowledge, which the number of genealogical papers he left sufficiently evince. But his favourite study for the last ten years of his life, was natural history, which he rather resumed than began, being, through the assistance of his uncle Antrobus, a considerable botanist at fifteen. The marginal notes which he has left on Linnæus, his additions to Hudson and other writers, on the vegetable, animal, and fossile kingdoms, are very numerous. While attentive to zoology, he successfully applied his discoveries to illustrate Aristotle and others of the ancients. Except pure mathematics, and the studies dependent on that science, there was scarcely any branch of human learning, in which he had not acquired a competent skill; in most of them a consummate mastery.

Of his amusements, the chief and almost only one (excepting the frequent experiments he made on flowers, for the purpose of investigating the process of vegetation) was music. His instrument was the harpsichord; on which, tho' he had little execution, yet he adapted his voice so judiciously to his playing, as to give an auditor considerable pleasure. His judgment in statuary and painting was exquisite, and formed from an almost intuitive perception of those graces beyond the reach of art, in which the divine works of the great masters abound. He had a fine taste in prints, his choice of which was



regulated by the same judicious rule which he adhered to in making his collection of music; which was not to obtain complete sets of the works of any master, as to select the best of their kind, and which might recal to his memory the capital pictures, statues, and buildings, which he had seen and studied.

Of Gray's religious opinions little is known; there are, however, traces which shew him a believer. He has answered Bolingbroke's scepticism, and he has censured both Voltaire and Hume. In private life he was most respected by those who best knew him; he was a man of politeness, virtue, and humanity.

It is unfortunate, that after a life so labouriously employed, Gray should have left so little behind; but it should be considered, that with respect to others, he was innocently employed; to himself, without doubt, beneficially. His time passed agreeably; he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue. Yet there is no character without some speck. In Gray, there was a reserve in his behaviour, too nearly resembling fastidiousness; and he was apt to indulge himself in such modish niceties of dress, as did not always correspond with the sobriety of an academic gown. After his return from his travels he commonly wore a muff. If he went to a coffee-house, he would tell the waiter, in an effeminate tone, to give him that "silly paper book," meaning the "Gentleman's Magazine," or "Review."

Timorous, as effeminate and fearful of accidents, he had a ladder to let down from his window, in case of fire. Some young men of the college idly and wantonly set up a false alarm, in order to draw him upon his ladder; this, among other circumstances, was said to be the occasion of his removing to Pembroke-hall.

On his poetry, it is needless to bestow praises, or to repel the attacks of envy and rancour. "He who can continue," says Mr. Wakefield, "amidst the blaze of splendor that bursts around him, amidst the torrent of sublimity that pours along, sedately speculating on petty blemishes, is certainly a stranger to those sensations which animated Pindar and Gray; and deserves, for the punishment of his malice, that poetical curse denounced by the pathetic Collins, on all those who could reflect on the author of the "Seasons," without emotions of benevolence and concern :

"With him, sweet bard ! may fancy die,  
and joy desert the blooming year !"

If Gray was not a poet of the first order, there is no poetry existing; and if his bold expressions be nonsense, so are the most rapturous passages of Sophocles, Klopstock, Shakespeare, and Milton. In sublimity, pathos, and enthusiasm, he is perhaps excelled by Dryden and Collins; but in richness of imagery, glow of expression, and harmony of numbers, he surpasses the two great masters of English lyric poetry.

Gray's poems are not numerous; but all of them, at least his serious pieces, have great merit; and whoever undertakes to write as correctly as he has written, will find himself unable to write much. His pieces have all the marks of close study and close revision; and

the smallness of their number, compared with the length of time he was known as a poet, sufficiently shows, that they were kept long under his own eyes, before they were submitted to those of the public. They may, therefore, be regarded as a kind of standard of the correctness to which English poetry has arrived.

The *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*, is, perhaps, the first of the kind in any language; its subject is universally interesting, the allegorical imagery is sublime, and the natural description picturesque; the sentiment is mostly simple and pathetic, and the versification possesses a melody, which has not often been retained, and cannot be surpassed. This poem underwent some alterations from its original form. The rejected stanzas are however highly worth preservation, both as objects of curiosity, and of excellence. In the first copy the conclusion was different from that which is retained. The four stanzas below followed "With incense kindled at the muse's flame."

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,  
exalt the brave, and idolize success;  
but more to innocence their safety owe,  
than power, or genius, e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
dost in these notes their artless tale relate,  
by night and lonely contemplation led  
to wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around  
bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;  
in still small accents whispering from the ground,  
a grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more with reason and thyself at strife,  
give anxious cares and endless wishes room:  
but through the cool sequester'd vale of life  
pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

Here the poem was intended to conclude. After the stanza, ending, "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn," appeared, in the first copy,

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,  
while o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,  
oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,  
with wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Between the line, "Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn," and the epitaph, Gray originally inserted the following beautiful stanza.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,  
by hands unseen are showers of violets found;  
the redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
and little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Mr. Edwards endeavoured to supply what he thought a defect in the Elegy, by adding after "Some Cromwell guiltless," &c. the two following stanzas.

Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms  
shone with attraction to herself unknown;  
whose beauty might have blest a monarch's arms,  
and virtue cast a lustre on the throne.

That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,  
and cheer'd the labours of a faithful spouse;  
that virtue form'd for every decent part,  
the healthful offspring that adorn'd their house.

The following Alcaic fragment is so happily executed, that it might impose on the best critic as being a genuine ancient composition.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
ducentium ortus ex animo; quater  
felix! in imo qui scatentem  
pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

The partial and uncandid mode of criticism adopted by Dr. Johnson, in his remarks on Gray, have given general and just offence. Particular resentment has

been expressed, as might be expected, by his *Alma Mater*, the university of Cambridge. An ingenious vindication of his "Lyric Performances," by Mr. Potter, appeared in 1782, which was followed in the same year, by an able defence of "his writings" in "Remarks on Dr. Johnson's life of Gray," &c. His atrabilious mode of criticising, and style of expression, have been successfully imitated by Professor Young of Glasgow, in an ironical continuation of his "Criticism on the Poems of Gray," intitled, "A Criticism on the Elegy written in a Country Church-yard," 8vo. 1783. Johnson has also fallen under Mr. Wakefield's severest indignation. The refutation of his strictures on Gray he thinks a necessary service to the public, without which they might operate with a malignant influence on the national taste. His censure however, is too general, and expressed with too much vehemence. Dr. Johnson's remarks, undoubtedly betray a blindness to poetic beauty, an unreasonable fastidiousness of taste, and an unbecoming illiberality of spirit, yet they are not without some foundation; particularly when he remarks that Gray's language is encumbered and harsh, and that his poetry was in a manner the effect of industry and perseverance. Johnson appears to have turned an unwilling eye on the beauties of Gray, yet he is compelled to pass a panegyric on the *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*, and the *Ode to Adversity*. It is certain, that no poetical reader can subscribe to the rancour and illiberality of Johnson's temper, yet all may admire his vast intuitive knowledge and ingenuity. As an author Gray had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely and then correct them,

but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; and he had a notion, not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantastic foppery to which a man of learning and virtue should ever be superior.

Besides the *Long Story*, the pieces omitted in this selection, are *The Fatal Sisters*, and *The Descent of Oden*, from the Norse tongue: the first is too trifling, and the later abound with too much of gross fable and superstition, to be admitted into a Miscellany of excellencies.



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## ODES.

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### ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,  
fair Venus' train, appear,  
disclose the long-expected flowers,  
and wake the purple year!  
The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
responsive to the cuckow's note,  
the untaught harmony of spring :  
while whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,  
cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
their gather'd fragrance fling:  
Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
a broader browner shade;  
where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
o'er-canopies the glade;  
beside some water's rushy brink,  
with me the muse shall sit, and think  
(at ease reclin'd in rustic state),  
how vain the ardour of the crowd,  
how low, how little are the proud,  
how indigent the great!  
Still is the toiling hand of Care ;  
the panting herds repose :  
yet hark ! how through the peopled air  
the busy murmur glows !  
The insect youth are on the wing,

eager to taste the honied spring,  
 and float amid the liquid noon :  
 some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 some shew their gaily-gilded trim,  
 quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
 such is the race of man ;  
 and they that creep and they that fly  
 shall end where they began.  
 Alike the busy and the gay  
 but flutter through life's little day,  
 in Fortune's varying colours drest ;  
 brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,  
 or chill'd by Age, their airy dance  
 they leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,  
 the sportive kind reply ;  
 poor Moralist ! and what art thou ?  
 a solitary fly !

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,  
 no hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 no painted plumage to display ;  
 on hasty wings thy youth is flown ;  
 thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—  
 we frolic while 't is May.



## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

drowned in a tub of gold fishes.

'T was on a lofty vase's side,  
where China's gayest art had dy'd  
the azure flowers, that blow;  
demurest of the tabby kind,  
the pensive Selima reclin'd,  
gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;  
the fair round face, the snowy beard,  
the velvet of her paws;  
her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
she saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide  
two angel forms were seen to glide,  
the genii of the stream:  
their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,  
through richest purple to the view,  
betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;  
a whisker first, and then a claw,  
with many an ardent wish,  
she stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize:  
What female heart can gold despise?  
what cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,  
again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
nor knew the gulph between:  
(malignant Fate sat by and smil'd)

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the slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,  
she tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,  
she mew'd to every wat'ry god,  
some speedy aid to send.

No dolphin came, no nereid stirr'd,  
nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard :  
a fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties ! undeceiv'd,  
know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,  
and be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,  
and heedless hearts is lawful prize ;  
nor all that glisters, gold.



### ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

*Ανθρωπος' ικανη προφασις εις το δυσυχειν.*

MENANDER.

Ye distant spires ! ye antique tow'rs !  
that crown the wat'ry glade,  
where grateful science still adores  
her HENRY'S \* holy shade ;  
and ye, that from the stately brow  
of WINDSOR'S heights, th' expanse below  
of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
wanders the hoary Thames along  
his silver-winding way.

\* Henry VI, founder of the College.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!  
ah fields belov'd in vain!  
where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
a stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
a momentary bliss bestow,  
as waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
my weary soul they seem to soothe,  
and, redolent of joy and youth,  
to breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES! for thou hast seen  
full many a sprightly race,  
disporting on thy margent green,  
the paths of pleasure trace;  
who foremost now delight to cleave,  
with pliant arm thy glassy wave?  
The captive linnet, which enthrall?  
What idle progeny succeed  
to chase the rolling circle's speed,  
or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,  
their murm'ring labours ply  
'gainst graver hours that bring constraint  
to sweeten liberty:

some bold adventurers disdain  
the limits of their little reign,  
and unknown regions dare descry:  
still as they run they look behind,  
they hear a voice in every wind,  
and snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is their's by fancy fed,  
less pleasing when possess'd;

the tear forgot as soon as shed,  
the sunshine of the breast :  
their's buxom Health, of rosy hue,  
wild Wit, Invention ever new,  
and lively Cheer of Vigour born ;  
the thoughtless day, the easy night,  
the spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
that fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,  
the little victims play !  
no sense have they of ills to come,  
nor care beyond to-day :  
yet see, how all around 'em wait  
the ministers of human fate,  
and black Misfortune's baleful train !  
ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
to seize their prey, the murd'rous band !  
ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,  
the vultures of the mind,  
disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
and Shame that skulks behind ;  
or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
that inly gnaws the secret heart :  
and Envy wan, and faded Care,  
grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,  
and Sorrow's piercing dart.

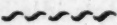
Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
then whirl the wretch from high,  
to bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
and grinning Infamy.



The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
and hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
that mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;  
and keen Remorse with blood defil'd,  
and moody Madness laughing wild  
amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath,  
a grisly troop are seen,  
the painful family of Death,  
more hideous than their queen :  
this racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
that every labouring sinew strains,  
those in the deeper vitals rage :  
lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
that numbs the soul with icy hand,  
and slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,  
condemn'd alike to groan ;  
the tender for another's pain ;  
th' unfeeling for his own.  
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate !  
since sorrow never comes too late,  
and happiness too swiftly flies ?  
thought would destroy their paradise.  
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,  
't is folly to be wise.



## TO ADVERSITY.

—— Ζηνα

τον φρονειν βροτης οδωσ

Ζαυλα, τω παθει μαθαν

Σεινλα κυριως εχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in *Agamemnon*.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,  
thou tamer of the human breast,  
whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,  
the bad affright, afflict the best!  
Bound in thy adamantine chain,  
the proud are taught to taste of pain,  
and purple tyrants vainly groan  
with pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

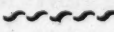
When first thy sire to send on earth  
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
to thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
and bade to form her infant mind.  
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
with patience many a year she bore:  
what sorrow was, thou badst her know,  
and from her own she learnt to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly  
self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
and leave us leisure to be good.  
Light they disperse; and with them go  
the summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;  
by vain Prosperity receiv'd,  
to her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,  
immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,  
and Melancholy, silent maid,  
with leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
still on thy solemn steps attend ;  
warm Charity, the general friend,  
with Justice, to herself severe,  
and Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
dread Goddess ! lay thy chastening hand ;  
not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
not circled with the vengeful band  
(as by the impious thou art seen),  
with thund'ring voice and threat'ning mein,  
with screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess ! wear,  
thy milder influence impart,  
thy philosophic train be there  
to soften, not to wound my heart.  
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
teach me to love, and to forgive,  
exact my own defects to scan,  
what others are, to feel ; and know myself a man.



## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC.

[When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes: but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.]

Φωναντα συνελοισιν' ες

δε το παν ερμηνευων

χαλιζει.

PINDAR, *Olymp.* 11,

I 1.

Awake, Æolian lyre! awake,  
and give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
a thousand rills their mazy progress take:  
the laughing flowers, that round them blow,  
drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:  
now rolling down the steep amain,  
headlong, impetuous, see it pour:  
the rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar!

I 2.

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,  
parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,  
enchanting shell! the sullen Cares  
and frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul!  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
has curb'd the fury of his car,

and dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.  
 Perching on the scepter'd hand  
 of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
 with ruffled plume, and flagging wing :  
 quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 the terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

## I 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,  
 temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
 O'er Idalia's velvet green  
 the rosy-crowned loves are seen  
 on Cytherea's day,  
 with antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,  
 frisking light in frolic measures ;  
 now pursuing, now retreating,  
 now in circling troops they meet :  
 to brisk notes in cadence beating,  
 glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare ;  
 where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.  
 With arts sublime, that float upon the air,  
 in gliding state she wings her easy way :  
 o'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
 the bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

## II 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await !  
 Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 and Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !  
 The fond complaint, my song ! disprove,  
 and justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?  
 Night and all her sickly dews,

her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 he gives to range the dreary sky :  
 till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

## II 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
 where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 the Muse has broke the twilight gloom,  
 to cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.  
 And oft beneath the od'rous shade  
 of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 she deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,  
 in loose numbers wildly sweet,  
 their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.  
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,  
 th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

## II 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,  
 fields, that cool Illissus laves,  
 or where Mæander's amber waves  
 in lingering lab'rinsths creep,  
 how do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 mute, but to the voice of Anguish !  
 where each old poetic mountain  
 inspiration breath'd around ;  
 every shade and hallow'd fountain  
 murmur'd deep a solemn sound :  
 till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
 and coward Vice, that revels in her chains.



When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
they sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

## III 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,  
in thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
what time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
to him the mighty mother did unveil  
her awful face: the dauntless child  
stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear  
richly paint the vernal year:  
thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!  
this can unlock the gates of Joy;  
of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

## III 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
the secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:  
the living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
where angels tremble while they gaze,  
he saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
clos'd his eyes in endless night.  
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
two coursers of ethereal race, [pace.  
with necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding

## III 3.

Hark! his hands the lyre explore!  
bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,  
scatters from her pictur'd urn  
thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

But ah! 't is heard no more—  
 oh, Lyre divine! what daring spirit  
 wakes thee now? tho' he inherit  
 nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
 that the Theban Eagle bear,  
 sailing with supreme dominion  
 through the azure deep of air:  
 yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
 such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
 with orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:  
 yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.



### THE BARD.

A PINDARIC.

[The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.]

#### I 1.

' Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!  
 confusion on thy banners wait;  
 tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,  
 they mock the air with idle state!  
 Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,  
 nor even thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail  
 to save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 from Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!  
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
 of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,

as down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side  
 he wound with toilsome march his long array.  
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;  
 to arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring

I 2.

[lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 rob'd in the sable garb of woe,  
 with haggard eyes the poet stood;  
 (loose his beard, and hoary hair  
 stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;) and with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,  
 struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
 ' Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,  
 sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!  
 o'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave  
 revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;  
 vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
 to high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
 that hush'd the stormy main:  
 brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:  
 mountains! ye mourn in vain,  
 Modred, whose magic song  
 made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.  
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,  
 smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:  
 far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;  
 the famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.  
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,

ye died amidst your dying country's cries—  
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
 I see them sit, they linger yet,  
 avengers of their native land :  
 with me in dreadful harmony they join,  
 and weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

## II 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof  
 the winding sheet of Edward's race,  
 give ample room, and verge enough  
 the characters of hell to trace.  
 Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 when Severn shall re-echo with affright.  
 The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring,  
 shrieks of an agonizing king :  
 she-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
 that tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
 from thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs  
 the scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait !  
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,  
 and Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

## II 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,  
 low on his funeral couch he lies !  
 no pitying heart, no eye, afford  
 a tear to grace his obsequies.  
 Is the sable warrior fled ?  
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
 The swarm that in the noon-tide beam were born ;  
 gone to salute the rising Morn.  
 Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 while proudly riding o'er the azure realm

in gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
 regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
 that, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

## II 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
 the rich repast prepare,  
 'reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;  
 close by the regal chair  
 fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 a baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
 Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,  
 and through the kindred squadrons mow their way:  
 Ye towers of Julius! London's lasting shame,  
 with many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
 revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,  
 and spare the meek usurper's holy head.  
 Above, below, the rose of snow,  
 twin'd with her blushing foe we spread!  
 The bristled boar, in infant gore,  
 wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 Now, brothers! bending o'er th' accursed loom,  
 stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

## III 1.

" Edward! lo! to sudden fate  
 (weave we the woof. The thread is spun),  
 half of thy heart we consecrate,  
 (the web is wove. The work is done.)"  
 ' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,  
 leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:  
 in yon bright track, that fires the western skies,

they melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height  
 descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll ?  
 Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight,  
 ye unborn ages ! crowd not on my soul :  
 no more our long lost Arthur we bewail.  
 All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

## III 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold  
 sublime their starry fronts they rear ;  
 and gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,  
 in bearded majesty, appear.  
 In the midst a form divine !  
 her eye proclaims her of the Briton line ;  
 her lion port, her awe-commanding face,  
 attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.  
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air !  
 what strains of vocal transport round her play !  
 hear from the grave, great Tallessin ! hear !  
 they breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,  
 waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

## III 3.

' The verse adorn again  
 fierce War, and faithful Love,  
 and Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest,  
 in buskin'd measures move  
 pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 with Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
 A voice, as of the cherub choir,  
 gales from blooming Eden bear ;  
 and distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
 that lost in long futurity expire.



Fond impious man! think'st thou you sanguine cloud,  
rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?  
to-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
and warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
Enough for me: with joy I see  
the different doom our fates assign.  
Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care;  
to triumph and to die are mine.  
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,  
deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

~~~~~

*For Music.*

[This ode was performed in the Senate-house, Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry-Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University. Set by Dr. Randall.]

AIR.

"Hence, avaunt! ('t is holy ground),  
Comus and his midnight crew,  
and Ignorance with looks profound,  
and dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,  
mad Sedition's cry profane,  
Sevitute that hugs her chain,  
nor in these consecrated bowers,  
let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers;

CHORUS.

nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,  
dare the Muse's walk to stain,  
while bright-ey'd Science watches round:  
hence, away! 't is holy ground."

RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day  
bursts on my ear th' indignant lay;

there sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,  
 the few whom Genius gave to shine  
 through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.  
 Rapt in celestial transport they,  
 yet hither oft a glance from high  
 they send of tender sympathy  
 to bless the place where on their op'ning soul  
 first the genuine ardour stole.  
 'T was Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,  
 and, as the choral warblings round him swell,  
 meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,  
 and nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

## AIR.

' Ye brown o'er-arching groves !  
 that contemplation loves,  
 where willowy Camus lingers with delight,  
 oft at the blush of dawn  
 I trod your level lawn,  
 oft would the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright  
 in cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,  
 with Freedom by my side and soft-ey'd Melancholy.'

## RECITATIVE.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth,  
 with solemn steps and slow,  
 high potentates, and dames of royal birth,  
 and mitred fathers in long order go :  
 great Edward, with the lilies on his brow  
 from haughty Gallia torn,  
 and sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn,  
 that wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,  
 and Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose,  
 the rival of her crown, and of her woes,  
 and either Henry there,

the murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,  
that broke the bonds of Rome.  
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,  
their human passions now no more,  
save charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

## ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain  
rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,  
and bad these awful fanes and turrets rise  
to hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;  
and thus they speak in soft accord  
the liquid language of the skies :

## QUARTETTO.

' What is grandeur, what is power ?  
heavier toil, superior pain.  
What the bright reward we gain ?  
the grateful mem'ry of the good.  
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
the bee's collected treasures sweet,  
sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet  
the still small voice of Gratitude."

## RECITATIVE.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,  
the venerable Marg'ret see !

' Welcome, my noble son !' she cries aloud,  
' to this thy kindred train and me :  
pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace  
a Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.

## AIR.

Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,  
the flower unheeded shall descry,  
and bid it round heaven's altars shed  
the fragrance of its blushing head ;

shall raise from earth the latent gem  
to glitter on the diadem.

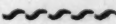
## RECITATIVE.

‘Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band;  
not obvious, not obtrusive, she  
no vulgar praise no venal incense flings,  
nor dares with courtly tongue refin’d  
profane thy inborn royalty of mind:  
she reveres herself and thee.

With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow  
the laureate wreath that Cecil wore she brings,  
and to thy just thy gentle hand  
submits the fasces of her sway;  
while spirits blest above, and men below,  
join with glad voice the loud symphonius lay.

## GRAND CHORUS.

‘Through the wild waves, as they roar,  
with watchful eye, and dauntless mien,  
thy steady course of honour keep,  
nor fears the rock nor seek the shore:  
the star of Brunswick smiles serene,  
and gilds the horrors of the deep.’



## THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,

a Fragment,

[From Mr. Evans's "Specimen of the Welsh Poetry," London, 1764, quarto. Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120; this battle was fought near forty years afterwards.]

Owen's praise demands my song,  
Owen swift and Owen strong,  
fairest flower of Rod'rick's stem,  
Gwyneth's \* shield and Britain's gem.  
He nor heaps his brooded stores  
nor on all profusely pours,  
lord of every regal art,  
liberal hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,  
squadrons three against him came,  
this the force of Eirin hiding,  
side by side as proudly riding  
on her shadow long and gay  
Lochlin † plows the watry way;  
there the Norman sails afar,  
catch the winds and join the war,  
black and huge along they sweep,  
burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands  
the Dragon son ‡ of Mona stands;  
in glitt'ring arms and glory drest,  
high he rears his ruby crest:

\* North Wales.

† Denmark.

‡ The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

~~~~~

there the thund'ring strokes begin,  
there the press and there the din,  
Talmalfra's rocky shore  
echoing to the battle's roar.  
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood  
Backward Menai rolls his flood,  
while, heap'd his master's feet around,  
prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.  
Where his glowing eye-balls turn  
thousand banners round him burn,  
where he points his purple spear  
hasty, hasty Rout is there,  
marking with indignant eye,  
fear to stop and shame to fly :  
there Confusion, Terror's child,  
Conflict fierce and Ruin wild,  
Agony that pants for breath,  
Despair and honourable Death.

\* \* \* \* \*



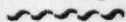


## THE DEATH OF HOEL,

[From the Welsh of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the "Gododin." See Mr. Evans's "Specimens," p. 71, 73.]

Had I but the torrent's might,  
with headlong rage and wild affright  
upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd  
to rush and sweep them from the world!  
Too, too secure in youthful pride  
by them my friend, my Hoel, dy'd,  
great Cian's son; of Madoc old,  
he ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;  
alone in Nature's wealth array'd,  
he ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row,  
twice two hundred warriors go;  
every warrior's manly neck  
chains of regal honour deck,  
wreath'd in many a golden link:  
from the golden cup they drink  
nectar that the bees produce  
or the grape's ecstatic juice.  
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn,  
but none from Cattraeth's vale return.  
Save Aëron brave and Conan strong,  
(bursting through the bloody throng)  
and I the meanest of them all,  
that live to weep and sing their fall.



EPITAPH ON MRS. CLARKE.

[This lady, the wife of Dr. Clarke, a physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.]

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,  
a friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;  
a heart within whose sacred cell  
the peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.  
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,  
and soft Humanity were there.  
In agony, in death resign'd,  
she felt the wound she left behind.  
Her infant image, here below,  
sits smiling on a father's woe:  
whom what awaits, while yet he strays  
along this lonely vale of days?  
a pang to secret sorrow dear;  
a sigh; an unavailing tear;  
till time shall every grief remove,  
with life, with memory, and with love.



GRAY OF HIMSELF,

written in 1761, and found in one of his pocket-books.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,  
he had not the method of making a fortune;  
could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat  
no very great wit, he believed in a God: [odd,  
a post or a pension he did not desire  
but left church and state to Charles Townshend and  
Squire.



ELEGY  
WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
the plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
and leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
and all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
and drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
the moping owl does to the moon complain  
of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,  
molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
the swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
the cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
no more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
no children run to lisp their sire's return,  
or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
how jocund did they drive their team afield !  
how bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
the short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
await alike th' inevitable hour :  
the paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,  
if Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
the pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,  
back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll ;  
chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
and froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
the dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear :  
full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
and waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,  
the little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
the threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,  
to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
and read their history in a nation's eyes,  
their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone  
their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;  
forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
and shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;  
the struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
to quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
with incense kindled at the Muse's flame.  
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
they kept the noiseless tenor of their way.  
Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect  
some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
implores the passing tribute of a sigh.  
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
the place of fame and elegy supply ;  
and many a holy text around she strews,  
that teach the rustic moralist to die.  
For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
this pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?  
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
some pious drops the closing eye requires :  
ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd dead,  
 dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 if chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate;  
 haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 to meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 that wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 his listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 and pore upon the brook that babbles by.

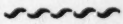
' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
 now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
 or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
 along the heath and near his favourite tree;  
 another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
 nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:  
 ' the next with dirges due, in sad array  
 slow through the church-way path we saw him bore.  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

## THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth;  
 a youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:  
 fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 and Melancholy mark'd him for her own.  
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
 he gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;

he gain'd from Heaven, 't was all he wish'd, a friend:  
No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(there they alike in trembling hope repose),  
the bosom of his Father and his God.



ODE TO MR. GRAY  
ON THE BACKWARDNESS OF SPRING,

BY R. WEST.

Dear Gray! that always in my heart  
possessest far the better part,  
what mean these sudden blasts that rise,  
and drive the zephyrs from the skies?  
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,  
and invoke the tardy May.

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,  
bring all the Graces in thy train:  
with balmy breath and flowery tread  
rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,  
where in Elysian slumber bound  
embow'ring myrtles vale thee round.

Awake in all thy glories drest,  
recall the zephyrs from the west;  
restore the sun, revive the skies,  
at mine and Nature's call arise!  
great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,  
and misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid,  
the labours of Pomona fade;  
a plaint is heard from every tree,



each budding flow'ret calls for thee;  
the birds forget to love and sing;  
with storms alone the forests ring.

Come, then, with Pleasure at thy side,  
diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;  
create where'er thou turn'st thine eye  
peace, plenty, love, and harmony;  
till every being share its part,  
and heaven and earth be glad at heart.

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## EPITAPH

on Mr. Gray's Monument in Westminster Abbey.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,  
to Britain let the nations homage pay!  
she boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,  
a Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

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